

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

TALES OF
HORROR



THE RUNNING GHOST!
"CULTURES OF DEATH!"



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HEH...HEH...HEH...WELCOME TO THE HOLE OF HORROR, KIDDIES!
I'VE GOT A GRUESOME BIT OF TERROR FOR YOUR APPETITES!
IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE... HEH...HEH...HEH! A SICKENING
LITTLE SAGA I CALL...

The running ghost!

L-LUTHER! OH, NO... I'M... I'M GOING MAD!
IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD!

YES, PAUL... I'M DEAD...
AND IN A MINUTE, YOU
WILL BE TOO!

EMBALMING
FLUID

OUR STORY OPENS BACK IN 1864, KIDDIES... AT
A FUNERAL PARLOR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A
SMALL TOWN...

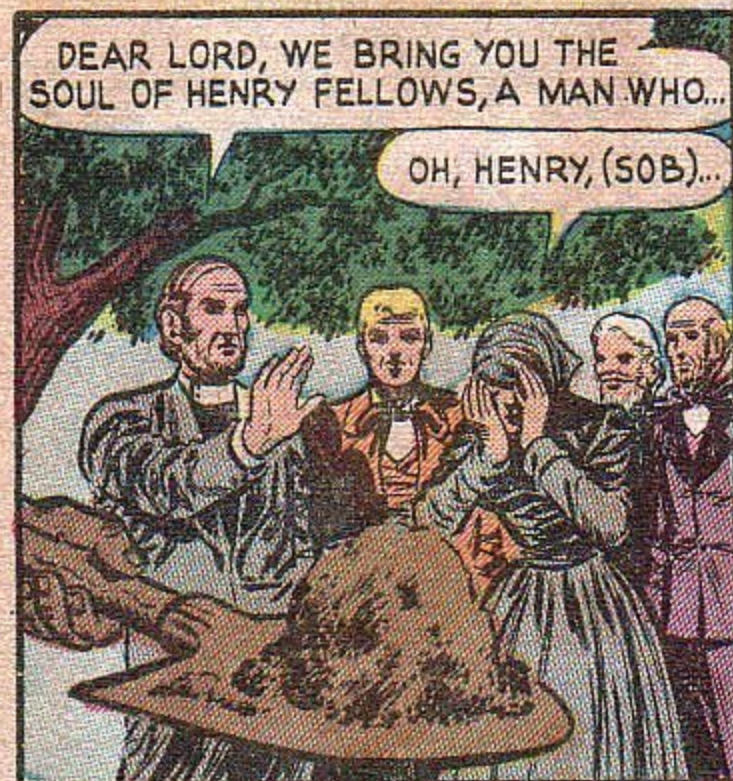
THE TWO FUNERAL DIRECTORS, LUTHER
DENNIS AND PAUL FRANKLIN, WATCH AS
THE BEREAVED WOMAN LEANS OVER HER
HUSBANDS CASKET...

NOW, MRS. FELLOWS,
YOU MUST TRY TO BE
BRAVE!

OH, (SOB) T-THANK YOU,
MR. FRANKLIN, FOR BEING
SO KIND! I (SOB) DON'T
KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE WITHOUT YOU AND
MR. DENNIS!

R-REST WELL, HENRY DEAR! I-I'VE (SOB)
PICKED A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPOT UNDER
A TREE FOR (SOB) YOUR FINAL
RESTING PLACE!

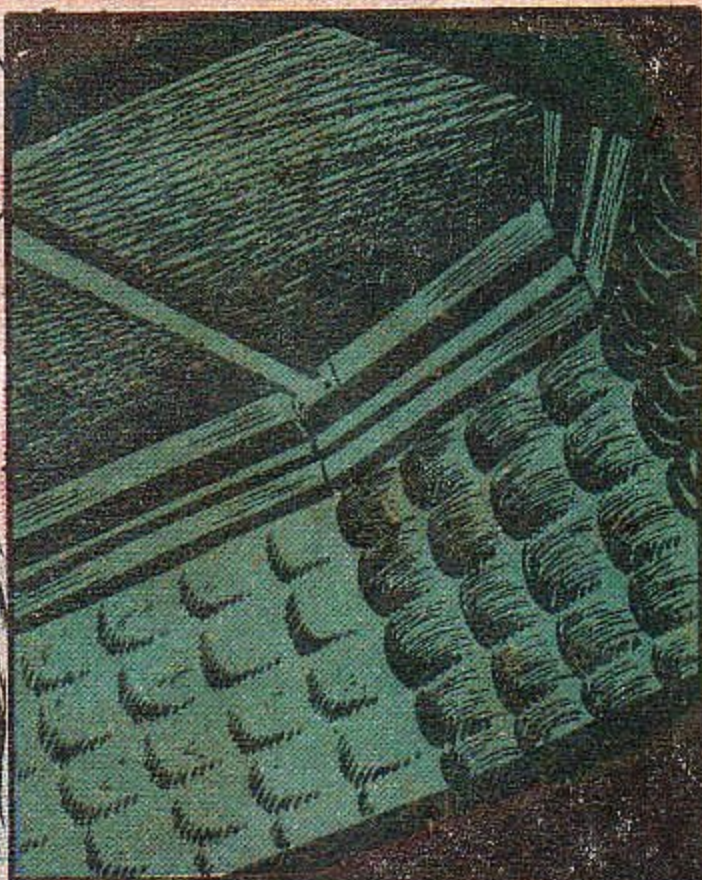
HENRY FELLOW'S FUNERAL IS HELD ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



DEAR LORD, WE BRING YOU THE SOUL OF HENRY FELLOWS, A MAN WHO...

OH, HENRY, (SOB)...

HEH...HEH...HEH... WHAT A PITY THAT HENRY'S ASSEMBLED FAMILY AND FRIENDS CAN'T SEE INSIDE HIS COFFIN... FOR IT IS EMPTY...



AFTER THE FUNERAL, PAUL AND LUTHER RETURN TO THEIR OFFICE...



HA HA HA HA! I COULD HARDLY KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE WHEN SHE WAS TALKING ABOUT "HENRY'S BEAUTIFUL RESTING PLACE UNDER A TREE!"

IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHERE HENRY'S REAL "RESTING PLACE" IS GOING TO BE! HA HA!

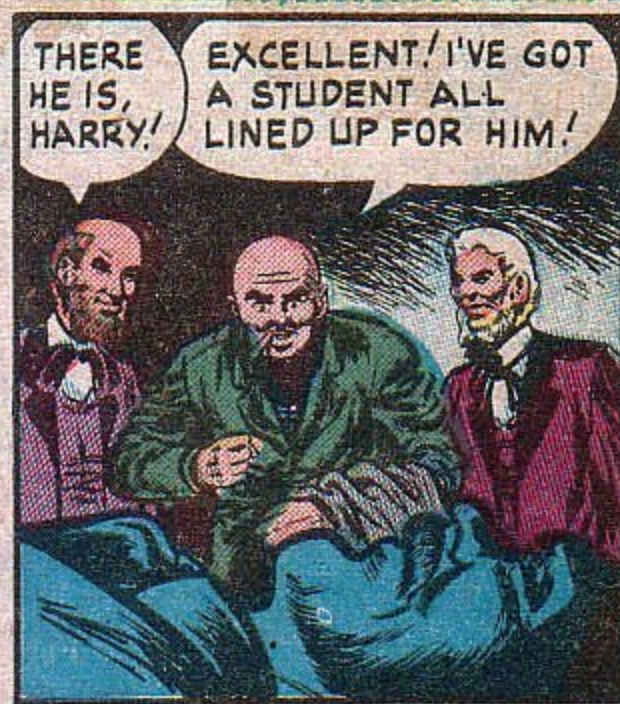
AN HOUR LATER THERE IS A RING AT THE REAR DOOR AND THE TWO FUNERAL DIRECTORS ADMIT A MAN TO THE EMBALMING ROOM...



GREETINGS, BOYS! HAVE YOU GOT MY STIFF FOR ME?

SURE, HARRY, WE'VE GOT HIM... IF YOU HAVE THE TWO HUNDRED!

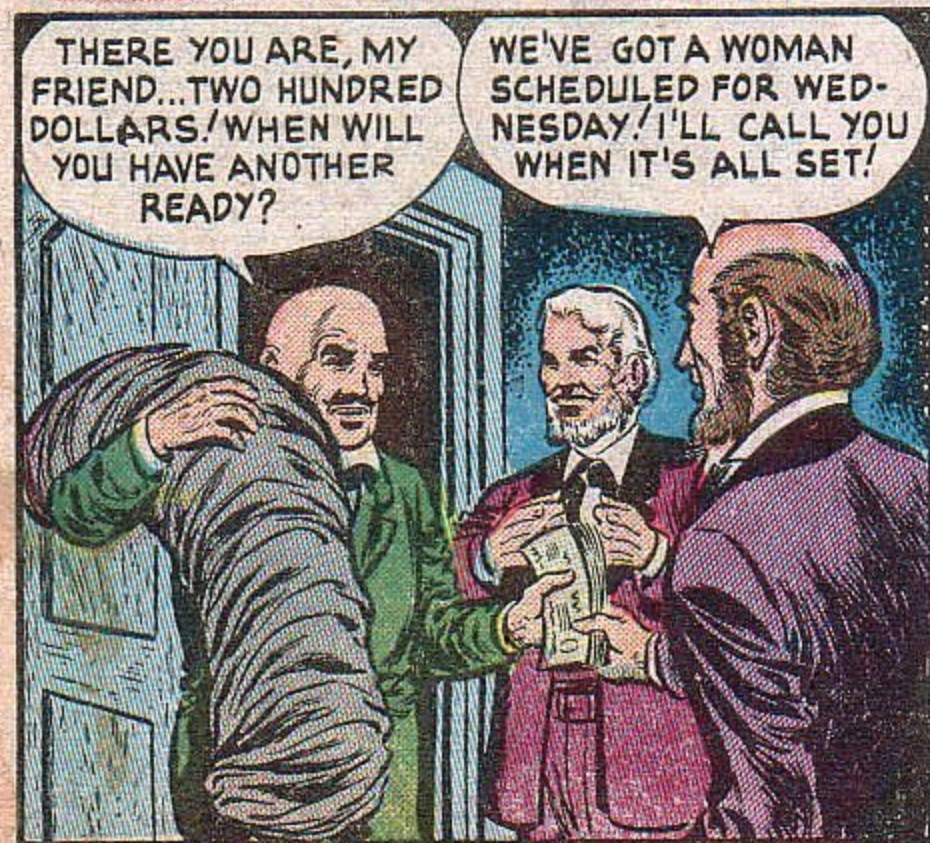
HARRY POWELL IS THE TRUSTEE OF A NEARBY MEDICAL SCHOOL... AND HIS "BUSINESS" IS SELLING DEAD BODIES!



THERE HE IS, HARRY!

EXCELLENT! I'VE GOT A STUDENT ALL LINED UP FOR HIM!

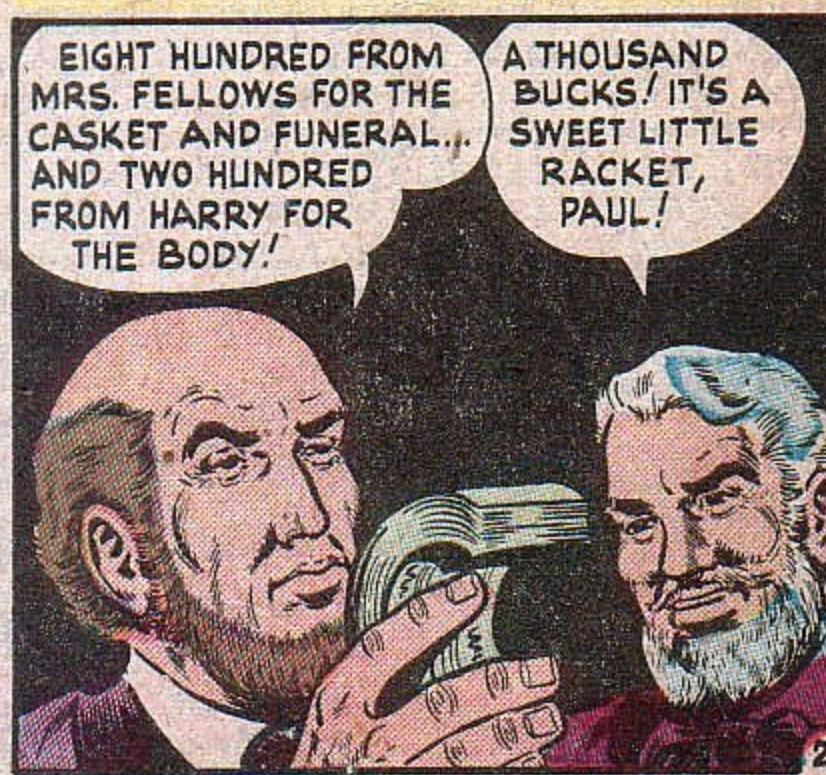
AND MINUTES LATER, THE DEAL IS COMPLETED...



THERE YOU ARE, MY FRIEND... TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS! WHEN WILL YOU HAVE ANOTHER READY?

WE'VE GOT A WOMAN SCHEDULED FOR WEDNESDAY! I'LL CALL YOU WHEN IT'S ALL SET!

AFTER POWELL'S DEPARTURE, PAUL AND LUTHER COUNT THEIR PROFIT ON HENRY FELLOWS "FUNERAL"...

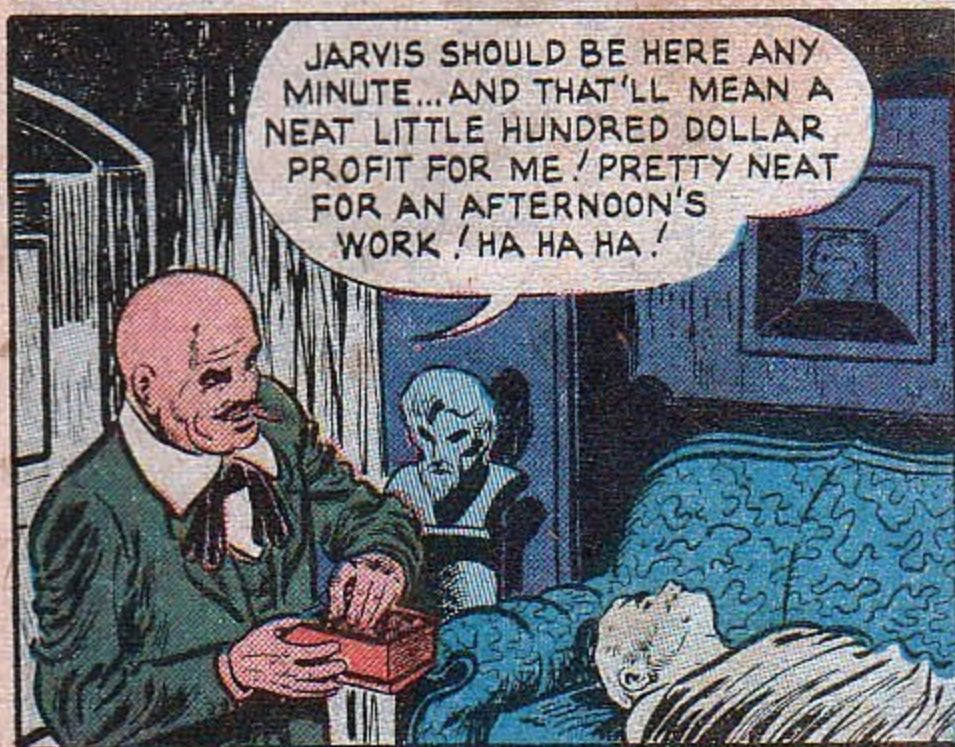


EIGHT HUNDRED FROM MRS. FELLOWS FOR THE CASKET AND FUNERAL... AND TWO HUNDRED FROM HARRY FOR THE BODY!

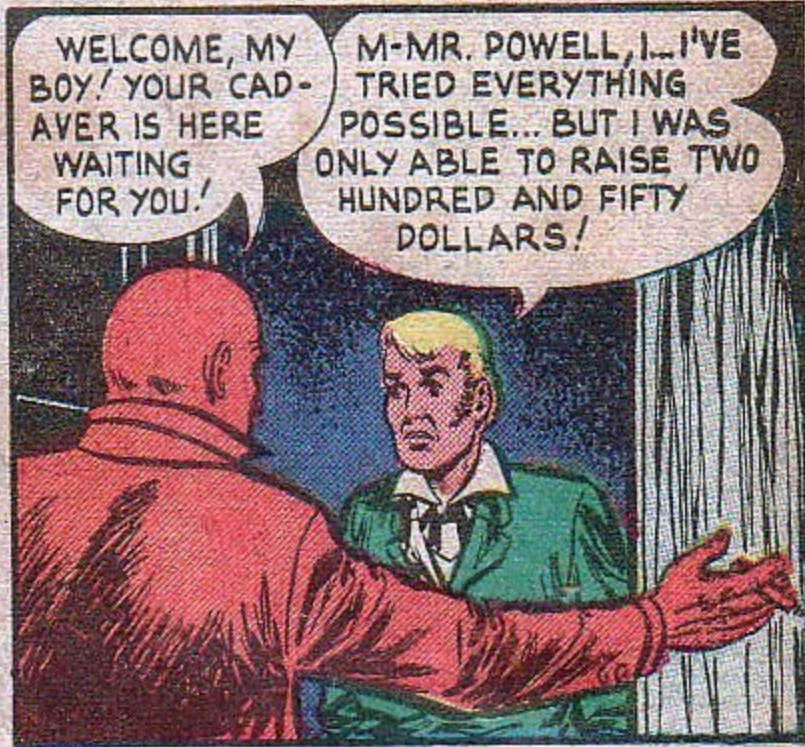
A THOUSAND BUCKS! IT'S A SWEET LITTLE RACKET, PAUL!

AND WHAT DOES HARRY POWELL DO WITH THE BODY, YOU ASK? HEH... HEH... HEH... LET'S FOLLOW HIM TO HIS OFFICE AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL...

WILLIAM JARVIS, A SECOND TERM MEDICAL STUDENT, ARRIVES AT HARRY'S OFFICE A SHORT TIME LATER...

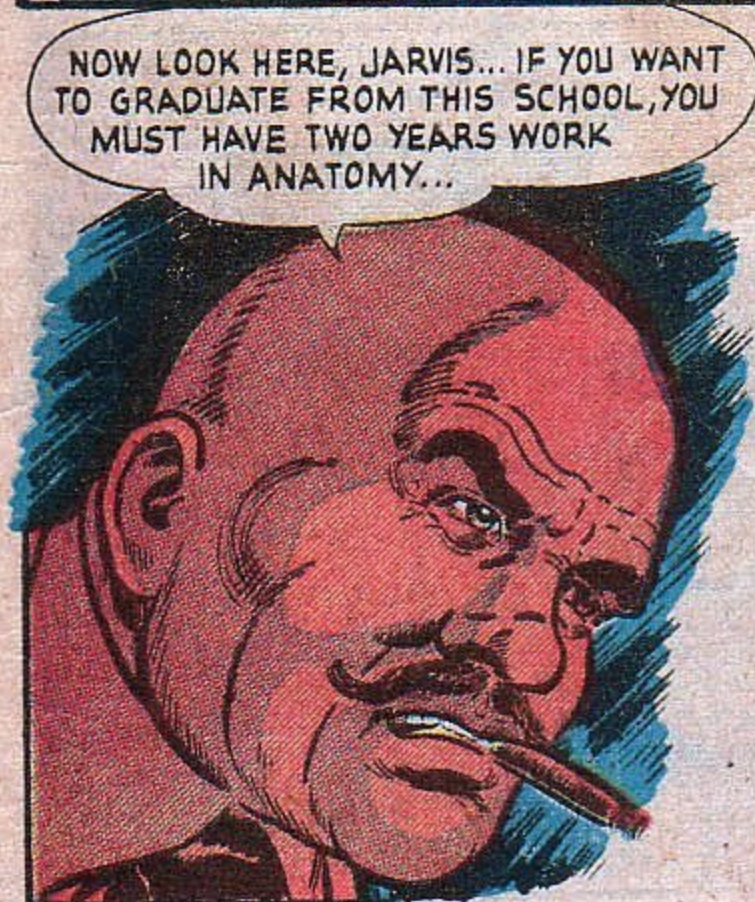


JARVIS SHOULD BE HERE ANY MINUTE... AND THAT'LL MEAN A NEAT LITTLE HUNDRED DOLLAR PROFIT FOR ME! PRETTY NEAT FOR AN AFTERNOON'S WORK! HA HA HA!



WELCOME, MY BOY! YOUR CAD-AVER IS HERE WAITING FOR YOU!

M-MR. POWELL, I... I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING POSSIBLE... BUT I WAS ONLY ABLE TO RAISE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!



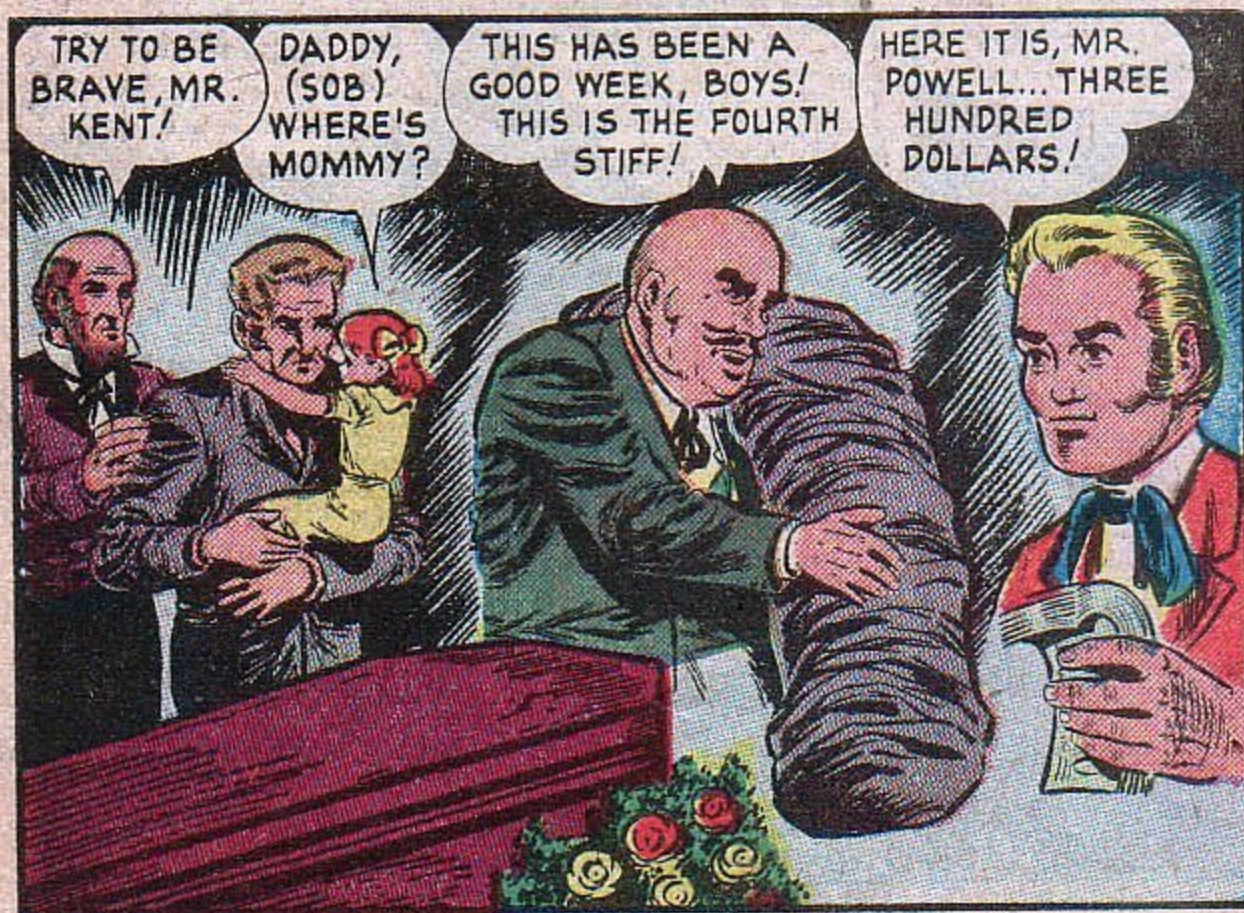
NOW LOOK HERE, JARVIS... IF YOU WANT TO GRADUATE FROM THIS SCHOOL, YOU MUST HAVE TWO YEARS WORK IN ANATOMY...



...AND IN ORDER TO TAKE A COURSE IN ANATOMY, YOU NEED A DEAD BODY... AND YOU'LL HAVE TO BUY THAT BODY FROM ME! NOW STOP STALLING, AND GET THAT MONEY!

Y-YES, SIR! I'LL GET IT! I'LL GET IT!

WELL, KIDDIES, THAT'S HOW THE LITTLE RACKET WORKS... NICE, EH? IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOW, PAUL, LUTHER, AND HARRY CONTINUE THEIR FOUL PRACTICES...



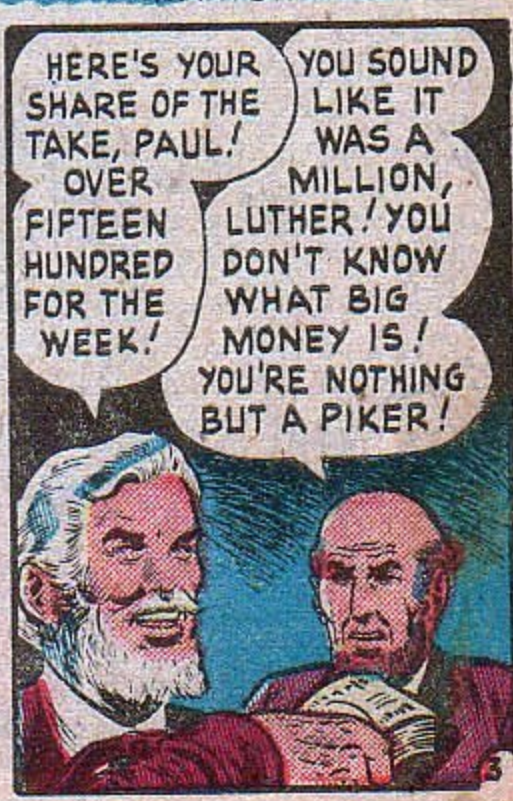
TRY TO BE BRAVE, MR. KENT!

DADDY, (SOB) WHERE'S MOMMY?

THIS HAS BEEN A GOOD WEEK, BOYS! THIS IS THE FOURTH STIFF!

HERE IT IS, MR. POWELL... THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

BUT AS FAST AS THE MONEY ROLLS IN, THE MORE PAUL WANTS...



HERE'S YOUR SHARE OF THE TAKE, PAUL! OVER FIFTEEN HUNDRED FOR THE WEEK!

YOU SOUND LIKE IT WAS A MILLION, LUTHER! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT BIG MONEY IS! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PIKER!

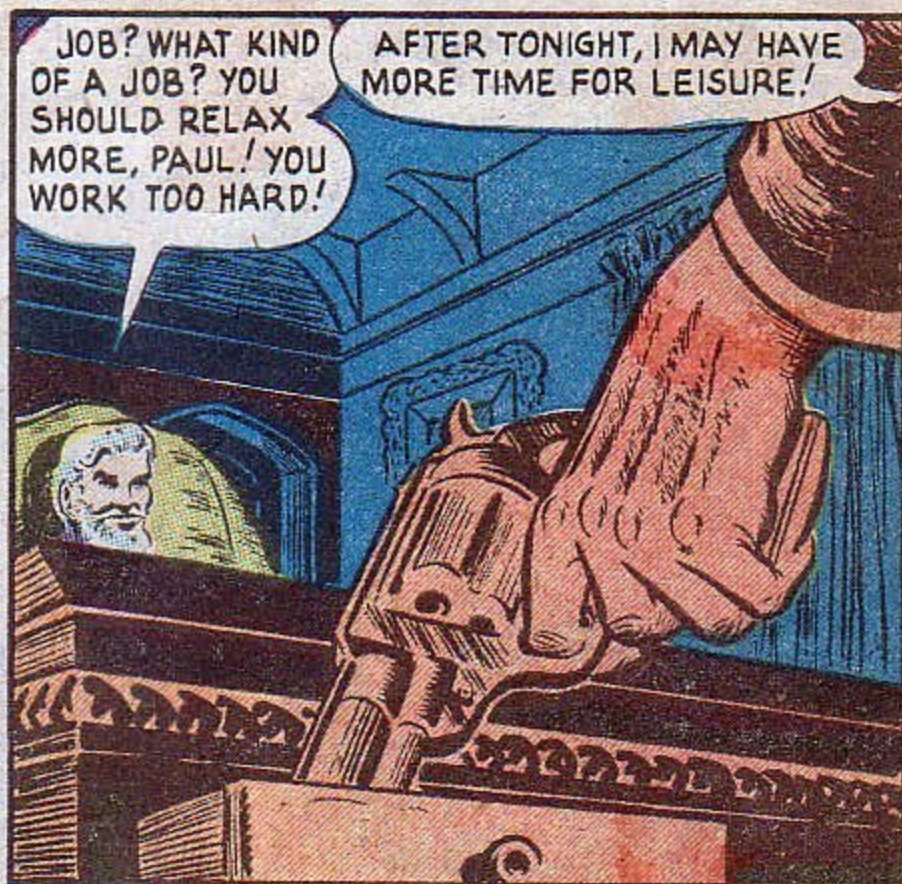
SOMETIMES PAUL CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT! HIS CONSCIENCE? NO, KIDDIES... PAUL IS THINKING OF WAYS TO MAKE MORE MONEY!

BUT THEN A THOUGHT STRIKES PAUL...

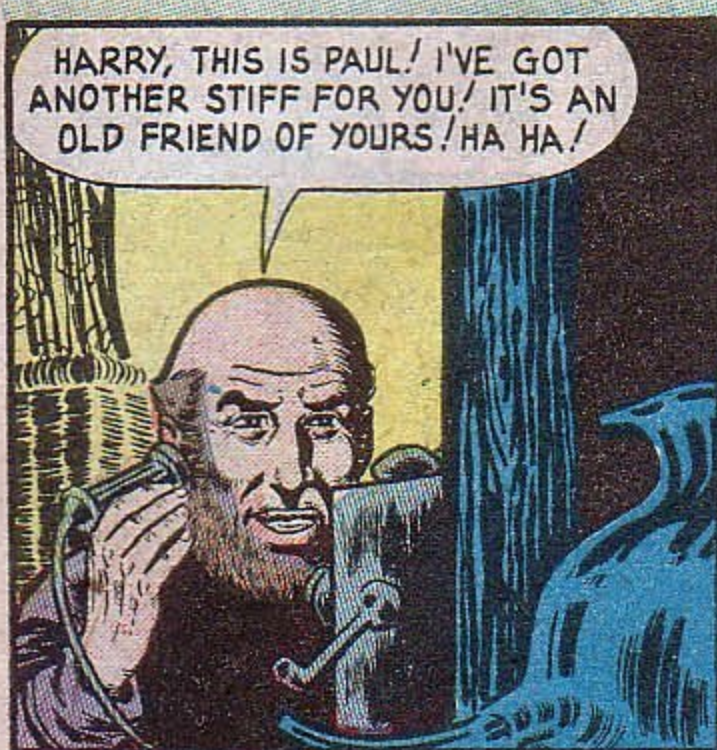
IF I KILL LUTHER! ALL THE MONEY WOULD BE MINE!



YES, THAT'S PAUL'S PLAN...IT SHOULD BE EASY! LUTHER HAS NO FAMILY OR FRIENDS EXCEPT PAUL... HEH..HEH..HEH...



NOT CONTENT WITH HAVING THE BUSINESS TO HIMSELF, PAUL DECIDES TO MAKE A LITTLE MONEY ON LUTHER'S DEATH...



HARRY, THIS IS PAUL! I'VE GOT ANOTHER STIFF FOR YOU! IT'S AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS! HA HA!

HARRY ARRIVES TO PICK UP HIS "CUSTOMER" IN AN HOUR...



HERE HE IS!

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED... IT'S LUTHER! WHAT HAPPENED? DID HE...

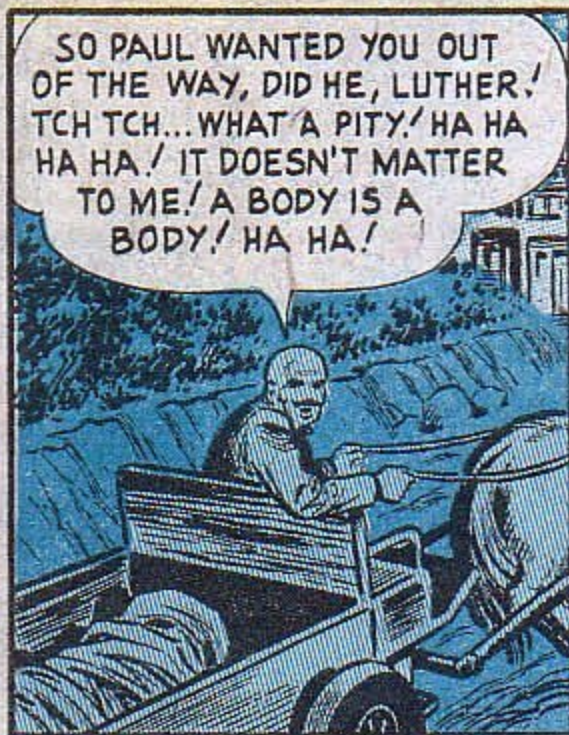
BUT SOMETHING IN PAUL'S FACE WARNS HARRY NOT TO QUESTION LUTHER'S DEATH... INSTEAD, THE TWO MEN JOIN IN A DRINK AS THEY STAND OVER THE DEAD BODY...



TO LUTHER... A FINE MAN!

YES! TO LUTHER... A FINE CORPSE! HA HA HA HA!

A SHORT TIME LATER, HARRY DRIVES BACK TO THE MEDICAL SCHOOL WITH LUTHER'S BODY...



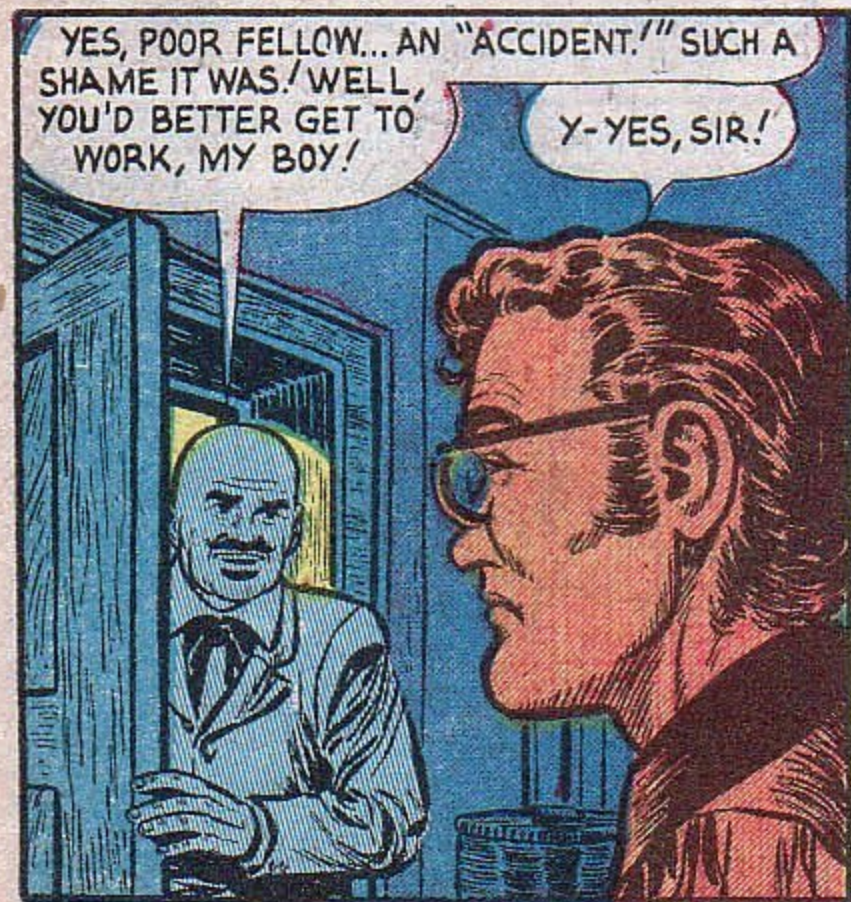
SO PAUL WANTED YOU OUT OF THE WAY, DID HE, LUTHER! TCH TCH... WHAT A PITY! HA HA HA! IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME! A BODY IS A BODY! HA HA!

LUTHER'S BODY IS SOLD TO HOWARD SELBY, A NEW STUDENT IN ANATOMY...



HERE HE IS, HOWARD! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM... HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, HA HA!

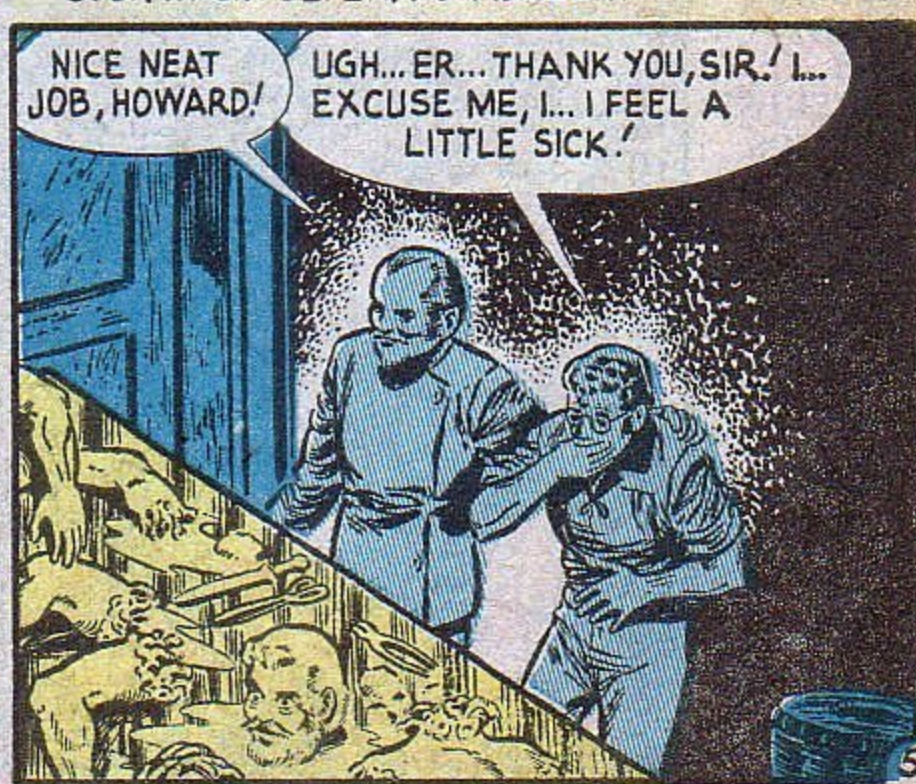
YES SIR! MR. POWELL... ER... IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR FRIEND MET A VIOLENT DEATH!



YES, POOR FELLOW... AN "ACCIDENT." SUCH A SHAME IT WAS! WELL, YOU'D BETTER GET TO WORK, MY BOY!

Y-YES, SIR!

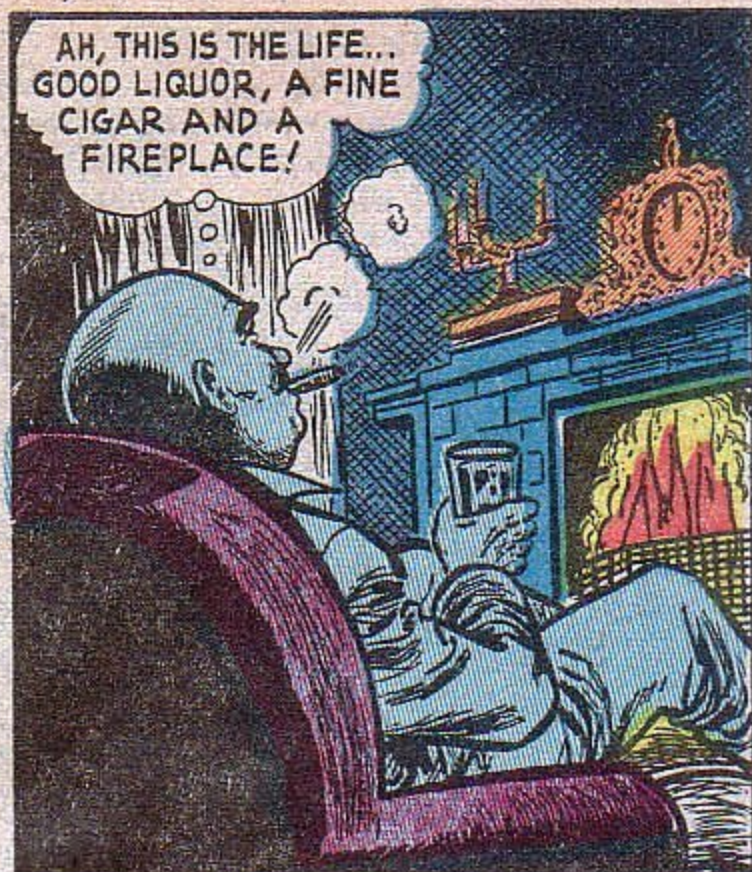
AND SO HOWARD SET TO WORK IN THE DISSECTING LABORATORY... POOR LUTHER... HIS REMAINS WERE SOON IN SIX SEPERATE PIECES...



NICE NEAT JOB, HOWARD!

UGH... ER... THANK YOU, SIR! I... EXCUSE ME, I... I FEEL A LITTLE SICK!

TOO MUCH FOR YOU, KIDDIES? ALL RIGHT, LET'S LEAVE THE DISSECTING ROOM AND RETURN TO HARRY'S, WHERE LATER THAT NIGHT, HE'S MAKING PLANS FOR HIS FUTURE...



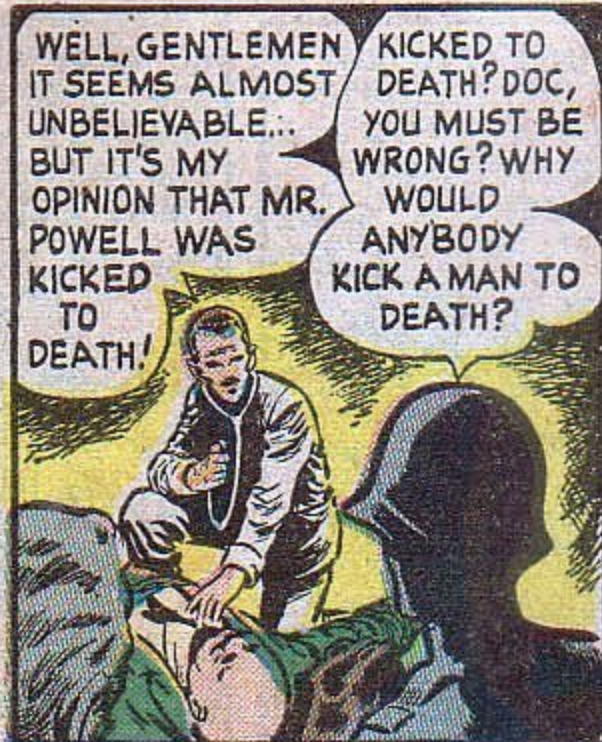
BUT SUDDENLY, HARRY STOPS HIS DAY-DREAMING, HE HEARS THE DOOR OPEN AND TURNS TO SEE...



GET AWAY! DON'T COME NEAR ME! STOP... DON'T...



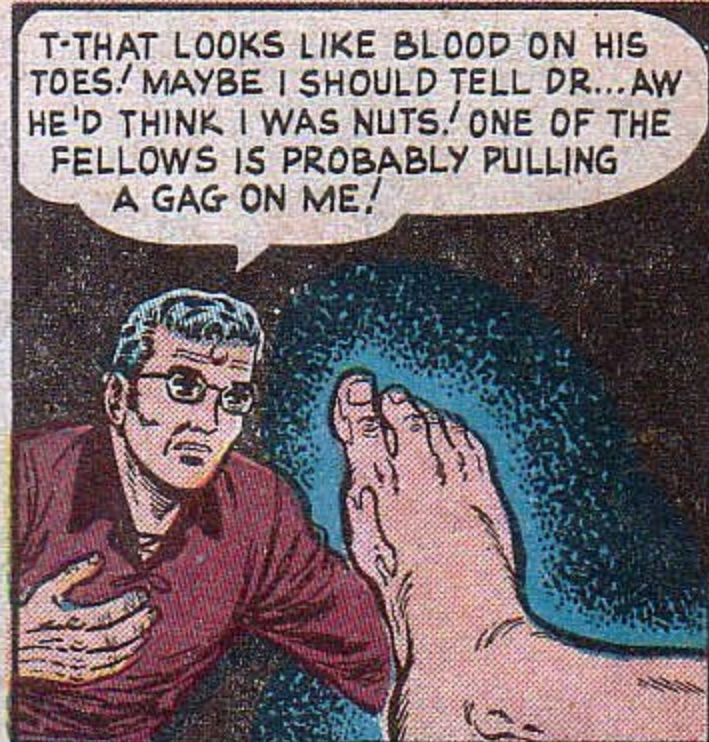
HARRY'S MANGLED BODY IS FOUND ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



WELL, GENTLEMEN IT SEEMS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE... BUT IT'S MY OPINION THAT MR. POWELL WAS KICKED TO DEATH!

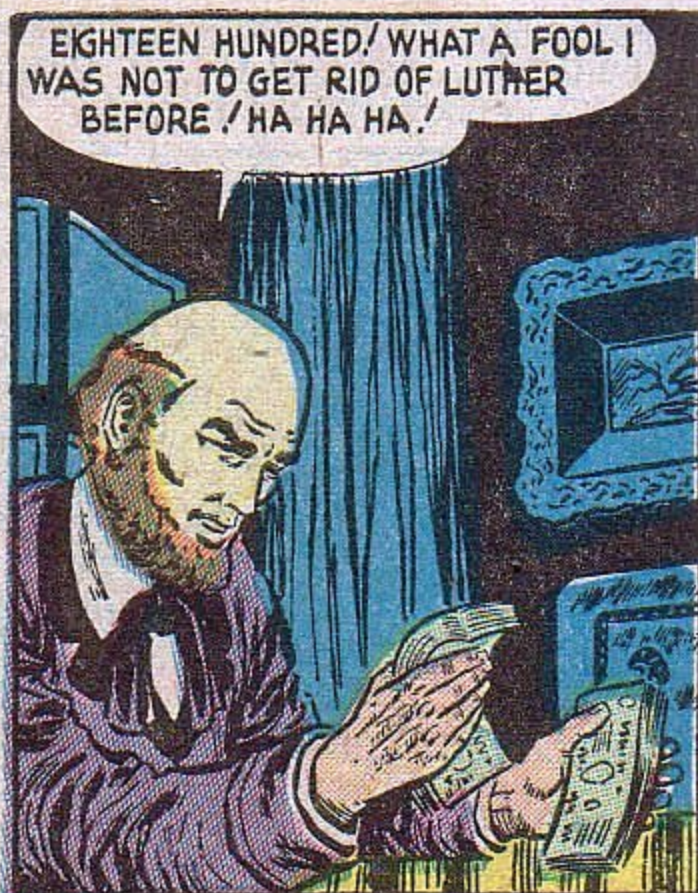
KICKED TO DEATH? DOC, YOU MUST BE WRONG? WHY WOULD ANYBODY KICK A MAN TO DEATH?

AND IN THE DISSECTING LABORATORY AS HOWARD ONCE AGAIN STARTS TO WORK ON HIS CADAVER...



T-THAT LOOKS LIKE BLOOD ON HIS TOES! MAYBE I SHOULD TELL DR...AW HE'D THINK I WAS NUTS! ONE OF THE FELLOWS IS PROBABLY PULLING A GAG ON ME!

THAT EVENING PAUL SITS CONTENTEDLY AT HIS BIG DESK... IT'S BEEN A GOOD WEEK... AND THIS TIME THE PROFITS WILL BE HIS ALONE...



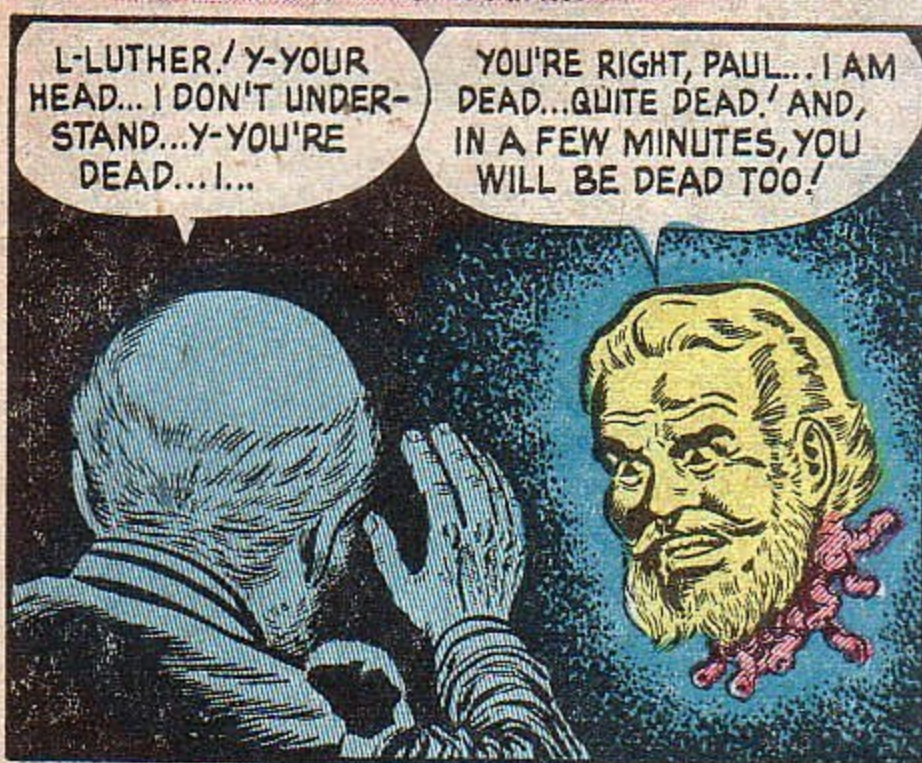
EGHTEEN HUNDRED! WHAT A FOOL I WAS NOT TO GET RID OF LUTHER BEFORE! HA HA HA!

AND AS PAUL TURNS TO PLACE THE STACK OF BILLS INTO THE SAFE...



NOW I'LL JUST LOCK THIS UP AND... WHAT... WHAT ON EARTH...

THERE IS NO DENYING IT...A PAIR OF HUMAN LEGS STAND ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO PAUL...AND THEN, FROM OUT OF THE AIR...



L-LUTHER./Y-YOUR HEAD...I DON'T UNDERSTAND...Y-YOU'RE DEAD...I...

YOU'RE RIGHT, PAUL...I AM DEAD...QUITE DEAD! AND, IN A FEW MINUTES, YOU WILL BE DEAD TOO!

PAUL LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND STARTS TO RUN...



THIS IS INSANITY! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE!

NO PAUL...THIS IS NO DREAM...THIS IS REAL!

OUT INTO THE NIGHT AND ACROSS THE CEMETERY PAUL RUNS... HEH...HEH...HEH... THE IDIOT, HE THINKS HE CAN ESCAPE...



HURRY, PAUL... RUN, PAUL... HA HA HA HA

LEAVE ME ALONE! FOR PITY'S SAKE, LUTHER... LEAVE ME ALONE!



I'LL SHOW YOU THE PITY THAT YOU SHOWED ME, PAUL!

LUTHER... (GASP) NO! NO! (GASP) PLEASE...

HEH...HEH...HEH...POOR PAUL, HE DOESN'T SEE THE ONRUSHING TRAIN AS HE CROSSES ONTO THE RAILROAD TRACKS...



HA HA HA HA HA WELCOME TO MY WORLD, PAUL!

EAGER!

AND THE NEXT DAY, AS HOWARD SELBY EXAMINES THE CORPSE'S LEG...



F-FELLOWS, LOOK! H-HIS FEET! GRASS... DIRT! I-IT LOOKS LIKE THIS LEG'S BEEN RUNNING!



YOU'RE LOSING YOUR MIND, SELBY, OLD BOY... CORPSES' LEGS DON'T RUN!

HA HA! POOR HOWARD... HE'S MAD! IMAGINE... A DEAD MAN'S LEG RUNNING! HA HA HA!

HEH...HEH...HEH...WELL KIDDIES...DID LUTHER'S CORPSE MOVE FROM THE LABORATORY? WHAT DO YOU THINK! HEH...HEH!

THE END!

THE PUPPETS OF DEATH!



DAVID CARLYLE WAS CONVINCED THAT THE PUPPETS WERE OUT TO KILL HIM! BUT THAT WAS IMPOSSIBLE! PUPPETS ARE ONLY WOODEN DOLLS SUSPENDED ON STRINGS! THE ONE MAN WHO **COULD** USE THE PUPPETS AGAINST DAVID WAS OLD WALTER FOX, AND HE WAS DEAD! DAVID WAS SURE OF THAT, BECAUSE HE HAD KILLED HIM! THEN WHO WAS MANIPULATING THE STRINGS... WHO?

OLD WALTER FOX WAS LOVED BY CHILDREN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FOR HIS TRAVELING PUPPET SHOW! THE PAINTED, WOODEN DOLLS SEEMED TO COME TO LIFE UNDER HIS SKILLFUL HANDS...

ABOVE THE STAGE, WALTER FOX AND HIS ASSISTANT, DAVID CARLYLE, WORKED THE STRINGS.

LOOK AT MY CHILDREN! THAT CRAZY PERFORM TONIGHT, DAVID! THESE OLD MAN ACTUALLY BELIEVES THE DOLLS OF MINE DO MOST OF THE WORK THEMSELVES! PUPPETS ARE ALIVE! I WISH HE WAS GONE, THEN I WOULD OWN THE SHOW! I WISH HE WAS... **DEAD!**



COME, CHILDREN, THE SHOW IS OVER! IT WOULD BE SO EASY TO SMASH HIS HEAD IN AND THROW HIS BODY TO THE STAGE BELOW! NO ONE WOULD QUESTION MY STORY THAT HE SLIPPED AND FELL! THEN THE SHOW WOULD BE MINE! I'D BE TOP MAN!

NO SOONER HAD THE THOUGHT OF MURDER ENTERED DAVID'S HEAD, THEN...

DAVID! WHA... WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHAT I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO FOR A LONG TIME!

UNGHHH!

CRACK!

AS WALTER'S BODY THUNDERED TO THE SMALL STAGE...

DAD! DAVID, COME QUICKLY! DAD HAS FALLEN!

I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO, ELLEN! YOUR FATHER IS DEAD!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! (SOB) OH, DADDY, DADDY!

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, DEAR! YOUR FATHER IS GONE, BUT WE CAN CARRY ON WITH THE PUPPET SHOW!

YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU'RE SAYING, DAVID! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT I'LL FIND OUT! DAD'S DEATH *WASN'T* AN ACCIDENT!

THE CORONER'S INQUEST WAS OVER A FEW DAYS LATER! THE CAUSE OF DEATH: AN ACCIDENT!

THIS MUST BE A TERRIBLE BLOW TO BOTH OF YOU!

IT IS! BUT WE SHALL CONTINUE WALTER'S WORK BY BRINGING JOY TO CHILDREN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!

CORONER

TIME PASSED, BUT DAVID WAS NOT THE MASTER PUPPETER HE THOUGHT HE WAS! BUSINESS WAS FALLING OFF...



I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND IT! I CAN'T
MAKE THESE DRATTED
DOLLS PERFORM
FOR ME!

LATER, AT DAVID'S WORKSHOP...

ELLEN, YOU HAVEN'T
SPOKEN TO ME
SINCE YOUR DAD
DIED! WHY CAN'T
WE BE FRIENDS?

LET ME GO! I TOLD
YOU THAT I'D GET TO
THE BOTTOM OF DAD'S
DEATH! I'M STILL
CONVINCED IT
WASN'T AN
ACCIDENT!



AT LEAST
YOU COULD
HELP ME
WORK THE
DOLLS!

I'M NOT GOING
UP ON THE SCAF-
FOLD WITH YOU!
I DON'T TRUST
YOU, DAVID!



YOU WERE THERE
WHEN IT HAPPENED!
YOU KNOW IF IT
WAS AN ACCIDENT
OR NOT! IF
ONLY YOU
COULD TALK!



BACK IN HIS HOTEL ROOM,
DAVID DETERMINED TO GO
THROUGH WITH HIS PLAN...

I'LL MAKE THE MONEY I'M
AFTER, AND WHEN I DO,
I'LL GET ELLEN TOO!
YOU PUPPETS WILL
PAY OFF FOR
ME YET!



DAVID SLEPT
FITFULLY
THAT NIGHT!
TOWARD DAWN,
HE WAS
AWAKENED
BY PECULIAR,
TINGLING
PAINS IN
HIS CHEST!
LOOKING
UP...



WHAT THE...
AHHHH!



GET OFF ME!
WH... WHY, IT'S
A PUPPET!



THEY'RE JUST WHERE I LEFT THEM! I MUST HAVE DREAMED IT! MY NERVES ARE ON EDGE, I GUESS! STILL, IT MAY BE A TRICK! FROM NOW ON, I'LL CARRY A GUN, AND SLEEP WITH IT UNDER MY PILLOW!



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER.

DAVID, I'VE BEEN CHECKING OVER THE PUPPETS! ONE OF THE WITCHES IS MISSING! THE DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT IS? THE ONE I HAD AFTER USING IT ON WALTER!

NO! HOW SHOULD I KNOW! IT'S YOUR JOB TO LOOK AFTER THE BLASTED PUPPETS!

A PUPPET IS HEAVY ENOUGH TO BE USED AS A MURDER WEAPON, ISN'T IT, DAVID!

LEAVE ME ALONE, ELLEN! LEAVE ME ALONE!



AS DAVID PREPARED THE PUPPETS FOR THAT NIGHT'S SHOW...

THAT GIRL IS GETTING TOO NEAR TO THE TRUTH! ELLEN, MY LOVE, I'M AFRAID THE FUTURE DOESN'T LOOK VERY BRIGHT FOR YOU!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT THE... I'M FALLING!



THAT WAS CLOSE! I COULD HAVE BROKEN MY NECK! ELLEN **MUST** BE BEHIND THIS! THAT PUPPET COULDN'T HAVE PUSHED ME BY ITSELF! THAT SETTLES IT! SHE'S GOT TO DIE!



AFTER THE SHOW, DAVID AND ELLEN WERE CHECKING RECEIPTS IN THE WORKSHOP...

I ALMOST HAD A BAD FALL TONIGHT! ONE OF THE PUPPETS TRIED TO PUSH ME OFF THE SCAFFOLDING. HA! HA!

TOO BAD HE MUFFED IT!

COME NOW, ELLEN! YOU AND I KNOW THAT PUPPETS CAN'T MOVE BY THEMSELVES! PUPPETS AREN'T CAPABLE OF, WELL, **MURDER!**

THAT'S TRUE, DAVID! ONLY PEOPLE WITH A LUSTFUL GREED ARE CAPABLE OF THAT!

AS ELLEN FINISHED HER DRINK...

YOU WERE ALWAYS SURE THAT I KILLED YOUR FATHER, WEREN'T YOU? WELL, I ADMIT IT, ELLEN! BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO DO YOU ANY GOOD!

MY... MY THROAT! IT'S BURNING!

THAT'S WHAT COMES FROM BEING TOO CURIOUS! IT'S CYANIDE THAT BURNS, ELLEN! SUCH A PITY! WE COULD HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY TOGETHER!

M...MURDERER!

I'LL BURY ELLEN'S BODY IN THE CELLAR! SHE HAD NO RELATIVES OUTSIDE HER FATHER! THERE WILL BE NO INQUIRIES! NOW, I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED!

...AND I'LL GET IT WITHOUT YOUR CURSED ASSISTANCE! I'LL SELL THE WHOLE SHOW AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! I'M NOT A MAN TO BE PLAYING WITH DOLLS!

CRASH!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, AS DAVID WORKS OVER THE PAPERS IN HIS DARKENED WORKSHOP...

THERE, IT'S FINISHED! TOMORROW, I'LL TURN THE PUPPET SHOW OVER TO MR. MARLON, AND I'LL BE RICHER BY TWENTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

BUT, WHEN DAVID LOOKED UP FROM HIS PAPERS, HIS EYES BULGED, AND HIS JAW DROPPED IN HORROR...

BU... BUT... IT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE!

YOU'VE GOT MY GUN! BUT, YOU CAN'T BE THERE! PUPPETS CAN'T MOVE ON THEIR OWN, OR THINK ON THEIR OWN! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!

SUDDENLY, IN HOLLOW, SEPULCHRAL TONES...

WE WANT A CONFESSION, DAVID CARLYSLE, TO THE MURDERS OF WALTER AND ELLEN FOX! IF YOU DON'T WRITE IT, WE SHOOT!



MINUTES LATER...

HERE IS THE CONFESSION! NOW GIVE ME MY GUN BACK!

NO, DAVID! YOU'LL STAY WHERE YOU ARE UNTIL THE POLICE COME! THEN JUSTICE WILL BE METED OUT TO YOU!



DO YOU THINK I'LL LET DOLLS HOLD ME UNTIL THE POLICE COME TO GET ME?

BLAM!



THERE'S AN EXPLANATION TO ALL OF THIS, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS! IF YOU'RE MOVING, IF YOU'RE TALKING, THEN **SOMEONE** IS MANIPULATING THE STRINGS! THERE'S NOTHING SUPER-NATURAL HERE!



IN FRENZIED ANGER, DAVID REACHED INTO THE DARKNESS...

THERE ARE STRINGS, AND I CAN FEEL SOMEONE TUGGING ON THE OTHER END! I KNEW SOMEONE WAS WORKING THE PUPPETS! I KNEW IT!



DAVID GAVE A MIGHTY PULL, AND...

WHA... IT'S DONE WITH
LIGHTS AND MIRRORS!
IT'S A TRICK!

SUDDENLY...

NO! YOU'RE
DEAD! I
KILLED
YOU!

I HAVE RETURNED FROM THE GRAVE
TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF MYSELF
AND MY DAUGHTER ELLEN! THERE
IS NO ESCAPE FOR YOU, DAVID!
IT'S OUR JUSTICE OR THAT OF THE
POLICE! WHICH DO YOU PREFER!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SPOIL
MY PLANS! I KILLED YOU ONCE,
I'LL KILL YOU AGAIN!

THEY WON'T DIE! THEY
WON'T GO AWAY! I
CAN'T GET AWAY
FROM THEM

AT LAST, THE HALF-MAD DAVID
REALIZED THE FUTILITY OF
TRYING TO KILL WHAT IS
ALREADY DEAD...

I'LL BE RID OF YOU
YET! THERE'S ONE
WAY TO
ESCAPE...
ARGHHH!

BLAM!
BAM!

BLAM!

BAM!

WE'LL BE WAITING FOR
YOU, DAVID! THERE'S NO
ESCAPE FOR YOU!

THE
NEXT
MORNING,
DAVID
CARLYSLE
WAS
FOUND
SPRAWLED
ACROSS
HIS
DESK...

LOOK AT THIS MESS! BULLET HOLES
AND PUPPETS ALL OVER THE
PLACE, AND A SIGNED
CONFESSION TO
TWO MURDERS!
THE GUY MUST
HAVE BLOWN
HIS TOP!

I CAN'T FIGURE
IT! GUESS NO ONE
WILL EVER KNOW
FOR SURE WHAT
REALLY HAPPENED
HERE LAST NIGHT!

THE END

NEW!**NONE OTHER
LIKE IT!**

LOOK SLIMMER, more YOUTHFUL REDUCE your appearance **INSTANTLY!**

The Tranzform® Girdle must be the best girdle you ever wore . . . you must feel more comfortable . . . you must look younger . . . your shape must be noticeably improved . . . or we don't want a penny of your money.

NEW! No other girdle or supporter belt like it. We know that you've probably tried other girdles in the hope that you'd eventually find the right one. But this we promise you: **NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE TRANZFORM DOES.** No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more bulge control . . . safely, scientifically. No other girdle can compare with the miracle-working Bulge-master® feature.

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APPEAR
SLIMMER
At Once!**

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- Make clothes fit

PROVED!

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TRY IT!**

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bulge-line!**

**STOUT WOMEN—We
can fit you too! Sizes up to
54 waist, 65 hips.**

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TERROR OF THE DEATH STING

By ELLEN LYNN

In every bee hive there are thousand of bees. But only one Queen Bee. All the other thousands of bees dedicate their lives to the protection of their Queen. The Teller Bees are the most jealous of all in this respect. They are man-killers. When their Queen is molested they attack relentlessly!

THE REAR OF the house led to a dim grove of trees. Shadows and sunlight made a queer pattern on the rich, dark grass. Stepping out of the door you were struck by a soft, strange sound—a humming that never stopped. Deeper in the grove the hum became louder and louder, becoming a buzzing noise that rang in the ears incessantly. The initiated would know the sound meant BEES!

Fred and Jane Geer raised bees. It had seemed strange to the young bride to learn that her husband was a bee-raiser. When the tall, lean young man had come to her little village he had seemed so romantic; in a short week she had promised to marry him although she knew little about him. It wasn't hard to be "swept off her feet" by the good-looking stranger—every girl in the drab town was jealous of her capture.

On their way to his home in Garrettsville, he told her about his bees.

"You'll have to learn all about insect breeding, Jane. I raise bees and you'll be my helper."

"Bees!" Jane was astonished. She had noted that he had never mentioned anything to give a clue to his business. But it had drifted from her mind. They had known each other so briefly before they were married, her mind had been filled with the excitement of the courtship, and her good fortune in getting away from the unromantic boys of her own factory town.

When they had arrived at Fred's house, Jane had been immediately struck by the loneliness of the place. It was quite a distance from the center of town—there were no other habitations visible from his property. A high hedge surrounded the place and the small brown house was set far back amongst trees. It was always dim and green and to the rear—an incessant sound of humming, humming.

Jane was slow to learn the art of bee-raising. She had dreamed of a house and garden, and of running her home in the role of housewife. But Fred insisted on a housekeeper so that she, Jane, could be his aide with the bees. Her heart wasn't in the job and she lacked the interest and patience required for the delicate handling of the insects and their honeycombs.

And Fred was losing patience with her. "Why don't you take an interest in what you're doing?" he yelled.

"They frighten me," she protested. "I—I'm terrified of them. I'm sick. I—I—dream that they've all broken loose, that they're stinging me to death." She broke into tears.

"A fine wife of a bee-raiser you are," he mocked.

"Then—why—don't you get another assistant—a trained one?" she pleaded.

"Because," Fred retorted, "I want to be able to keep my eye on you."

"Why, what do you mean?" Jane asked, taken aback by the insinuation. "Surely, it can't be that you don't—trust me?"

"I wouldn't trust any woman. That new young doctor that's come to town—Bob Shore—he's a wolf and all the females in town, young—old, married, single—are suddenly discovering ailments they never dreamed about before. I suppose you concocted your illness to take you to consult the young . . ." Fred burst out in a torrent of words.

"Why—you—must be mad, Fred!" Jane interrupted indignantly. "He wasn't the doctor I visited. I don't even know Dr. Shore!"

"So—you don't even know him, you liar! Then why did he tip his hat to you and say good-bye to you when you came out of the drugstore together yesterday? I was driving by and I caught the scene," Fred answered triumphantly.

Jane hesitated, thinking. "So that was Dr. Shore!" She suddenly remembered. "I didn't even know who he was. I dropped some packages in the store and he picked them up. I thanked him as I left and he tipped his hat. Why, Fred, you can't go imagining things like that!"

"I'm not imagining. And don't lie to me again. That man has an eye for a pretty girl—and he's never seen a beauty like you in his life," Fred seethed. "But he'd better stay away from my wife."

This episode was the first intimation Jane had of Fred's jealousy. It astonished her. To her, marriage was sacrosanct. Other men were just—other

men. One's husband was one's entire world, other people mere passersby, outsiders. How could Fred even inject such an idea—another man—into the quiet, busy life they led? Since he brought it up she faced the truth—it was all a great disappointment. Bee-raising instead of housekeeping and—child-raising! And their life was so limited, dull! There were no friends, no visitors—just bees, bees, bees. She had acted too hastily in marrying Fred—knowing him only a week—but there it was, for better or for worse, and she would try to be satisfied.

The following week Fred was glum and hardly spoke to her. He was really annoyed about the episode in the drugstore. Privately, she almost laughed to think he could make such a fuss over a polite exchange of "Thank you," and "Good-bye." Dr. Shore was certainly a good-looking fellow, and so gracious and charming—so soft-voiced and gentle, but she hadn't even known it was he at the time.

It was Monday at six that she returned from town, her arm in a sling, her forehead and right cheek covered with bandages. She knew Fred would be back from his trip to Denver and would miss her in the house. The pain had been so terrible, she hadn't stopped to leave a note telling how she had upset a hive and how the bees attacked her because she wasn't masked. First she had retrieved the Queen Bee and placed it in Fred's field jacket after first putting it in a tube so he would surely find it. Then she had hurried to town for help for her tortured face.

There Fred was, sitting in a chair, waiting. "Where were you?" he demanded.

"Oh, Fred, it was horrible—the bees—all around me—stinging me . . . look at me," she began.

"Those bees couldn't hurt you badly—but you went to the doctor, didn't you? Dr. Shore!" he persisted.

"Well, yes—of course. That's where the druggist took me," Jane said falteringly.

"I wondered how long it would take you to find an excuse to visit the handsome young wife-stealer," Fred blurted out venomously. "He did a good job on your face, I see. Did he steal a kiss at the same time?"

Jane burst into tears of helplessness. "Fred, Fred, what's got into you? How can you say such preposterous things?"

Two days passed, with Fred acting strangely pleasant and considerate. Jane had come to fear his unexpected moods but it was nice to have him smiling and friendly for a change.

"Darling, would you come with me up to the Stone Caverns this morning?" he suggested surprisingly. He had never asked her before. She hated the idea of helping him bring back a new species of bee, but it was a good sign, his wanting her along. Jane hurried to get ready.

They brought a picnic basket along and while she was measuring out the coffee to put on the grill he had set up, he told her to get lunch ready, he had forgotten some equipment and would rush back to get it.

Fred had not forgotten any equipment. He went straight to the office of Dr. Robert Shore.

"My wife, Jane, is in great trouble. You know, those bee stings you treated on her face—they're infected. She was up with me in the Stone Caverns and I left her writhing in agony. Please go and help her," Fred told Dr. Shore.

"Why didn't you bring her here? Why did you leave her . . . ?" the doctor inquired.

"No time for questions. You must hurry," Fred answered. His plan was working.

What no one else knew was that a few days before, Fred, while visiting those caves looking for new species, had found a swarm of Teller Bees—those vampirish, relentless, blood-sucking man-killers. Masked and protected, Fred entered the caves and removed the Queen. After placing the Queen in a tube Fred hid the tube. Now he had it with him.

Carefully, he moved the tube from his pocket and slipped it into the pocket of Dr. Shore. Now, let Jane and her lover have a rendezvous! he leered to himself. A whole army of bees will undoubtedly join them—blood-sucking man-eaters, at that!

Dr. Shore was puzzled by this man's strange behavior, but he'd better see what it was all about. Mrs. Geer, Jane, was a beautiful, sad-looking girl. He felt troubled when he thought of her—as though she really needed help.

When Dr. Shore entered the caves he was preceded by Fred. They went deeper and the doctor saw Jane. As he went to her Fred started to run.

"Now let the bees come," laughed Fred. They came—swarms of them. But they didn't head for Dr. Shore!

A piercing scream rang through the air. Jane and Bob stood in tense silence. It came again. They ran to the next cave, in the direction of the screams. There lay Fred, writhing in agony, almost completely covered with enormous bees which were stinging his skin so that blood oozed from every part of him. "Help, help!" yelled Fred. "I'm dying. I—thought—I put the Teller Queen into the—doctor's—pocket—but—it was the wrong one. It was in my—own—pocket—all—the—time . . . help, help . . ."

There was no way to save him. Bob put a protecting arm around the terrified Jane and rushed her away from the horrible scene. Then Jane remembered the tube she had put into Fred's pocket—the one with the harmless Queen!

THE VULTURES OF DOOM

CONRAD FARRISH WAS A GAMBLER, A PROFITEER, AND A CROOK. IN HIS MISSPENT LIFE, HE HAD MADE FORTUNES AND LOST THEM; RUINED HIMSELF AND OTHERS WITH HIS EVIL GREED. BUT HIS PAST CAUGHT UP WITH HIM ONE HORRIBLE NIGHT IN CALCUTTA, AND HIS PUNISHMENT WAS METED OUT AT THE HANDS OF THOSE GRIM PARASITES OF DEATH... THE SACRED VULTURES OF MAH-HA-BHAL!



LET ME OUT!
LET ME OUT!
THE VULTURES
WILL KILL
ME!

CONRAD FARRISH ESCORTED THE BEAUTIFUL MARSHA TRAVERS ON A TOUR OF THE NATIVE QUARTER IN CALCUTTA...

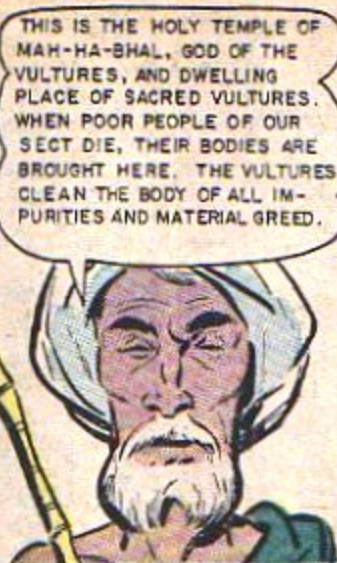
I'M BROKE NOW, MARSHA, BUT IT'S ONLY TEMPORARY. I'LL BE ON TOP OF THE WORLD AGAIN IN A MONTH. THEN I HAVE BIG PLANS FOR US!

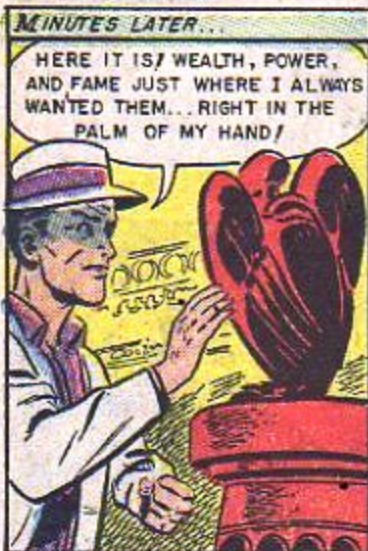
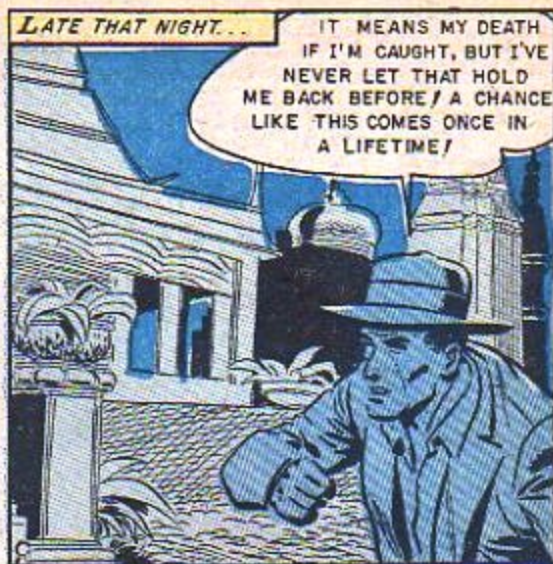
I HIRED YOU AS A GUIDE, CONRAD, NOT A ROMEO!

I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

PROBABLY A CEREMONY IN HONOR OF THE GREAT GOD BEETLE, OR SOMETHING EQUALLY SILLY. STUPID INDIAN SUPERSTITION!







HIS...HIS TONGUE HAS BEEN RIPPED OUT! IT'S INCREDIBLE, BUT THAT VULTURE MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT I WAS THINKING! THINK OF THE MONEY I CAN MAKE IF THIS BIRD OBEYS MY WISHES!



DURING THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, CALCUTTA WAS TERRORIZED BY A SERIES OF ROBBERIES AND MURDERS. THE VICTIM WAS ALWAYS A MAN OF WEALTH, AND THE "MURDERER" WORKED SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY, LEAVING A TRAIL OF MANGLED BODIES IN HIS WAKE



MEANWHILE, HIDDEN IN THE HILLS, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY OF CALCUTTA, CONRAD FARRISH LIVED A LIFE OF SPLENDOR IN HIS PALATIAL MANSION...

I'M GLAD YOU VISITED ME MARSHA. HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HOME?



IT'S THE NEST OF A BIRD OF PREY, WHO LOOKS DOWN ON A HELPLESS CITY WITH PITILESS EYES!

THAT'S AN ODD REMARK, MARSHA, ABOUT MY BEING A BIRD OF PREY? WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY IT?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! THOSE MURDERS WHICH ARE REDUCING THE CITY TO A MASS OF FEAR. SOMETHING IS BEHIND THEM!



SOMETHING WHICH STRIKES WITH NO WARNING, LEAVES WITH NO TRACE, AND KILLS WITH INHUMAN BRUTALITY / SOMETHING WITH THE FORM OF A BIRD AND THE CUNNING FIENDISHNESS OF A DERANGED HUMAN MIND!



MARSHA! PLEASE, DARLING...

I THINK THAT YOU HAVE TRAINED THIS MONSTROUS "PET" OF YOURS TO DO YOUR FOUL DEEDS FOR YOU! IF I HAD ANY REAL EVIDENCE, I'D TURN YOU IN!



WHY CAN'T SHE REALIZE THAT I'M DOING IT ALL FOR HER? WHY CAN'T I MAKE HER LOVE ME?



A FEW NIGHTS LATER...

LYLES GORMAN IS THE VICTIM THIS TIME, MY PET! HE'LL BE WORKING IN HIS STUDY ALONE. THE MONEY IS IN A STRONGBOX IN THE DESK. OH, BY THE WAY, HE WEARS A LARGE DIAMOND RING ON HIS LEFT HAND. I'D LIKE THAT, ALSO!

MINUTES LATER, CONRAD'S MESSENGER OF DEATH WAS POISED OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF THE WEALTHY LYLES GORMAN. THE OLD MAN HEARD A STRANGE FLUTTERING MOVEMENT, AND LOOKED UP...

WHO... WHO'S THERE?



BACK AT CONRAD'S MANSION...

THIS STRONGBOX IS FILLED WITH GOLD! A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK! A RING FOR ME, AND A NICE, JUICY... TIDBIT FOR YOU!

CONRAD COULD HAVE STOPPED HIS HORRIBLE CRIME WAVE LONG AGO, BUT HIS LOVE FOR MONEY AND HIS 'PET'S' LOVE FOR FRESHLY KILLED MEAT KEPT HIM AT IT...

SOON I'LL BE THE WEALTHIEST MAN IN THE WORLD, CAPABLE OF BUYING AND SELLING KINGS, EVEN COUNTRIES! THEN, MARSHA, I SHALL COME FOR YOU!

A FEW DAYS LATER MARSHA RETURNED...

THERE IS NO EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU, BUT I KNOW YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE CRIMES! I'VE COME TO BEG YOU TO STOP!

I SHALL STOP! I'D DO ANYTHING FOR YOU! NOW YOU AND I CAN BE MARRIED, DARLING! I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED!

ARE YOU MAD? DO YOU THINK I'D MARRY YOU? YOU'RE MORE REPULSIVE TO ME THAN THAT HORRIBLE VULTURE SITTING THERE!

MARSHA!





SUDDENLY, CONRAD WAS AWAKENED BY A GREAT FLUTTERING OF SAVAGE WINGS...

WHAT THE... IT'S ATTACKING ME! AAAH! EEEE!



AT LAST, THE VULTURE WAS FINISHED. HE HAD FULLFILLED TO THE LETTER CONRAD'S LAST COMMAND. CONRAD WOULD NEVER SEE THE VULTURE AGAIN... OR ANYTHING ELSE AGAIN

MY EYES, THEY'RE GONE! I'M BLIND! OOOH! THE PAIN!



HOURS LATER, THE BLINDED MAN HAD GROPED HIS WAY DOWN TO THE VILLAGE, GIBBERING MADLY...

ON TOP OF THE WORLD! POWER, WEALTH FOR ME! NO, THE VULTURE! MARSHA!

THERE IS THE UNBELIEVER WHO STOLE OUR GOD OF MAH-HA-BHAL! LET US SIEZE HIM!



TO THE TEMPLE! TAKE HIM TO THE TEMPLE!

I'M BLIND! I'M BLIND! HAVE MERCY!

NO MERCY, PROFANE ONE!



RAGING NATIVES DRAGGED THE SCREAMING WHITE MAN TO THE TEMPLE OF MAH-HA-BHAL. INSIDE...

OUR IDOL IS RETURNED! PRAISE MAH-HA-BHAL!

AND YOU, ACCURSED ONE, SHALL STAY HERE WITH THE AVENGING BIRDS. THIS TIME, I DO NOT THINK THEY SHALL WAIT FOR DEATH TO COME BEFORE ENJOYING THEIR FEAST!



SILENTLY, IMPLACABLY, THE GRUESOME BIRDS FORMED AN OMINOUS, HUNGRY CIRCLE AROUND CONRAD...

DON'T LEAVE ME TO THE VULTURES! THEY'LL KILL ME! THEY'LL... AAAEEEEIII!



THE AUTHORITIES CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE NEXT MORNING, BUT THEY FOUND NO BODY. ALL WAS QUIET. THE VULTURES RESTED SLEEPILY AND HAPPILY ON THEIR PERCHES, AND THE RUBY IDOL STARED INSCRUTABLY DOWN AT A PILE OF SHINING, PICKED BONES AT ITS FEET!

ONCE HE'D BEEN GREAT...A SUCCESSFUL SCULPTOR! BUT NOW HE WAS FINISHED! HE'D LOST HIS TOUCH...AND THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT! POOR LEONARD...HIS MISERY LED TO DESPERATION, AND DESPERATION LED TO MURDER! VOODOO AND SECRET FORMULAS BROUGHT LEONARD TO...

A STONY DEATH!

NO! I WILL NOT TELL YOU, MEESTER LEONARD... IT IS VOODOO SECRET... AND NO WHITE MAN SHALL KNOW!

YOU'LL TELL, YOU DUMB SAVAGE... YOU'LL TELL OR I'LL KILL YOU!



THE END
A.C. HOLMES & BORTH

OUR STORY OPENS TWO YEARS AGO... IN THE SALON OF A HIGH PRICED ART GALLERY...

LEONARD CAINE IS THE GREATEST SCULPTOR ALIVE! LOOK AT THESE PIECES... THEY'RE MASTERPIECES!

MARVELOUS! MARVELOUS!



AND BECAUSE THE PUBLIC ADMIRER HIS WORK, LEONARD CAINE ADMIRER THE PUBLIC...

SEE, MY DEAR... SEE HOW THE WORLD THRILLS TO THE WORK OF THE MASTER?

OH, YES LEONARD YES! YOU'RE A GENIUS!



BUT THE WORKINGS OF FATE ARE OFTEN INEXPLICABLE... ONLY SIX MONTHS LATER, THE GENIUS LOST HIS MASTERY...

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ME? I'M RUINED! FINISHED! THE ART DEALERS LAUGH AT MY WORK!



THE FOOLS! IDIOTS! I'M STILL THE GREATEST SCULPTOR IN THE WORLD!



BUT LEONARD CANNOT EVEN FOOL HIMSELF...

W-WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME? SCULPTURE IS THE ONLY THING I KNOW... AND... AND NOW THAT'S GONE!



THINGS WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE FOR LEONARD... WITHOUT SUCCESS, HE LOST ALL HIS FRIENDS AND... ALL HIS MONEY!

DIANA, ALL I WANT IS TEN DOLLARS! PLEASE... YOU'VE GOT TO LOAN IT TO ME!



GET OUT OF HERE, YOU BUM! YOU'RE A FAILURE, LEONARD... AND I DON'T LIKE FAILURES!

YES, LEONARD WAS ON THE SKIDS... AND HE RODE DOWNHILL FAST!

LADY, COULD... COULD YOU GIVE A HUNGRY MAN SOMETHING TO EAT?



HE DRIFTED FROM STATE TO STATE... COUNTRY TO COUNTRY... AND FINALLY ENDED UP ON THE SHORES OF HAITI...

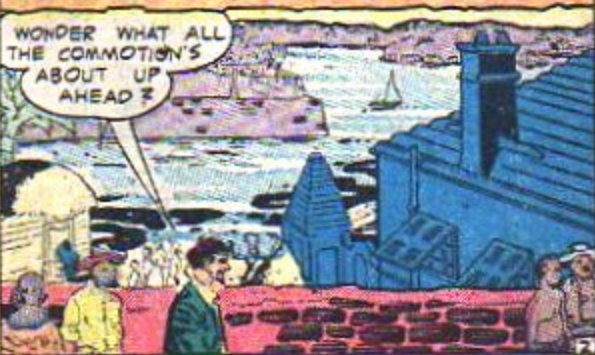
...AND IF YA EVER TRY STOWING AWAY AGAIN, BROTHER... WE'LL BREAK YER NECK!

YA LOUSY BUM!



LEONARD WALKED SLOWLY DOWN THE PICTURESQUE STREETS, LITTLE KNOWING OR CARING WHERE HE WENT...

WONDER WHAT ALL THE COMMOTION'S ABOUT UP AHEAD?



THE COMMOTION WAS A FIGHT...A FIGHT BETWEEN AN AMERICAN TOURIST AND A NATIVE HAITIAN...

YOU DIRTY, DUMB NATIVE! HOW DARE YOU TALK BACK TO ME? I OUGHT...

PLEASE, MEESTER, I MEAN NO HARM!

LOOK, YOU'RE A GUEST IN THIS MAN'S COUNTRY! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO YELL AT HIM! NOW BEAT IT!

AWW--I--I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

LEONARD ACCEPTED THE INVITATION AND AN HOUR LATER HE WAS IN THE NATIVE QUARTER...

AND SO LEONARD STAYED IN KUMA...IT WAS AN EASY LIFE...AND FOR A WHILE, HE WAS ABLE TO FORGET THE PAST...

THE CROWD MELTED AWAY AND LEONARD WAS LEFT ALONE WITH THE NATIVE...

I THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR! I AM KAJAL, THE WITCH DOCTOR OF KUMA, A SMALL NATIVE PROVINCE IN THE HILLS! WOULD YOU DO ME THE HONOR OF EATING AT MY HUMBLE TABLE?

THANKS FOR YOU ARE THE MEAL, WELCOME KAJAL! I HERE, REALLY, MEESTER, NEEDED IT...LEONARD... WELCOME TO STAY AS LONG AS YOU WISH!

YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN VERY KIND TO ME, KAJAL! I WON'T FORGET IT!

WE OF KUMA BELIEVE IN REPAYING KINDNESS WITH KINDNESS!

...AND DO NOT EVER ENTER THE SACRED HUT! IT IS FORBIDDEN! FORBIDDEN!

WHY IS THAT HUT ALL DECORATED, KAJAL? WHAT'S IN IT?

DO NOT ASK ME, MEESTER LEONARD... IT IS A TRIBAL SECRET! DO NOT ASK!

BUT LEONARD'S CURIOSITY ABOUT THE HUT WAS NOT STILL BY KAJAL'S WARNING...

KAJAL WAS SURE STEAMED UP WHEN I ASKED ABOUT THAT HUT! I BET THERE ARE JEWELS... MAYBE GOLD IN IT! IF...IF I COULD GET IN AND...



THE THOUGHT OF TREASURE IN THE SACRED HUT KEPT LEONARD FROM SLEEPING THAT NIGHT... AND FINALLY HE COULD BEAR IT NO LONGER...

WITH ENOUGH MONEY I COULD MAKE A NEW START! I'D GO BACK TO CIVILIZATION!



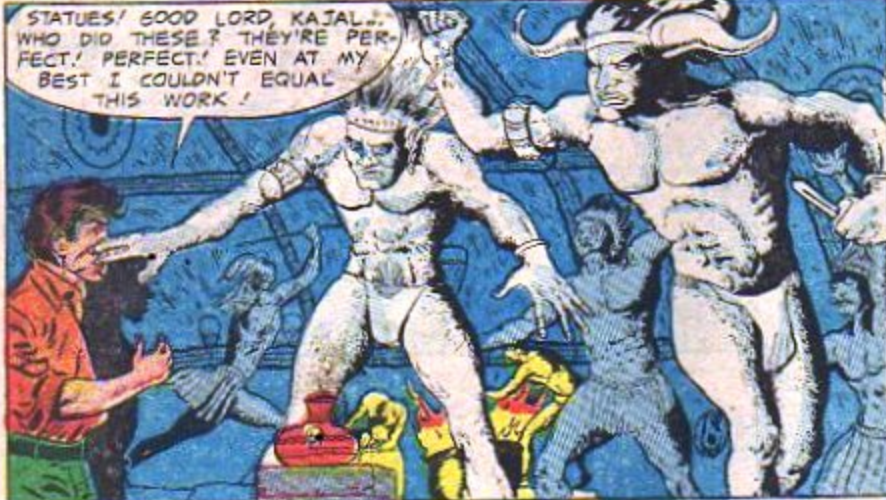
AFTER LOOKING CAREFULLY TO SEE THAT HE HADN'T BEEN FOLLOWED, LEONARD ENTERED THE HUT...

K-KAJAL! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I-I MEAN... I...

I WAS AFRAID THIS MIGHT HAPPEN, MEESTER LEONARD. I WANTED TO PROTECT YOU!



STATUES! GOOD LORD, KAJAL... WHO DID THESE? THEY'RE PERFECT! PERFECT! EVEN AT MY BEST I COULDN'T EQUAL THIS WORK!



PLEASE, MEESTER LEONARD... YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT IS IN THE SACRED HUT... THAT IS ENOUGH! ASK NO MORE QUESTIONS!

DON'T BE A FOOL, MAN, I'VE GOT TO KNOW... WHO DID THESE STATUES?



BUT NEITHER CAJOLING OR THREATENING GOT LEONARD ANYWHERE... KAJAL REFUSED TO TELL HIM WHO THE SCULPTOR WAS! FINALLY, IN A FIT OF RAGE, LEONARD GRABBED THE OLD MAN BY THE THROAT...

TELL ME, KAJAL... TELL ME OR I'LL KILL YOU! I MUST KNOW THE MAN'S NAME!

P-PLEASE, MEESTER... (GASP) LEONARD... D-- DON'T! (CHOKE) S-- STOP... I'LL TELL!



N-NO MAN MAKES THE STATUES... THAT LIQUID IN CASK MAKE STATUES!

KAJAL, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? LIQUIDS DON'T TURN MEN INTO STONE!



KAJAL INSISTED THAT THE SECRET LIQUID COULD TURN DEAD MEN INTO STONE...AND LEONARD REALIZED THAT THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO TEST THE THEORY...

SO A COLORLESS LIQUID TURNS DEAD MEN TO STONE, EH? WELL, WE'LL SOON SEE, MY FRIEND!

NO! NO! EAGRRHH!



AN INSTANT LATER KAJAL WAS DEAD...A VICTIM OF THE MAN HE'D BEFRIENDED...

IF WHAT KAJAL SAYS IS TRUE... I'LL BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCULPTOR...I'LL MAKE A COMEBACK!



LEONARD ADMINISTERED THE WATERLIKE LIQUID TO KAJAL AND AS HE WATCHED THE CORPSE'S BODY, AN UNBELIEVABLE TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE...

IT WORKS! IT WORKS! I CAN GO BACK TO AMERICA! WITH THIS FORMULA, I'LL BE A SUCCESS AGAIN!



IT'S UNCANNY! THEY LOOK SO ALIVE... SO HUMAN!

HOW DOES HE DO IT? HE'S MARVELOUS!



THE MONEY POURED IN...AND LEONARD STARTED LIVING LIKE A KING...

IT'S A WONDERFUL STUDIO, MR. CAINE... ONLY SIX HUNDRED A MONTH!

IT WILL DO NICELY, MR. BROOKS. I'LL TAKE IT!



LEONARD TOOK THE CASK OF MAGIC LIQUID AND RETURNED TO AMERICA...SOON HIS "SCULPTURE" AMAZED THE ART WORLD!

YES, LEONARD HAD EVERYTHING HE NEEDED TO MAKE HIM HAPPY... INCLUDING CYNTHIA, HIS NEW ASSISTANT...



ONLY ONE PROBLEM RESULTED FROM HIS NEW SUCCESS...WHERE TO GET DEAD BODIES? LEONARD SOLVED THIS BY PAYING A WEEKLY VISIT TO A NEARBY CEMETERY...



YES, LEONARD STOLE DEAD BODIES.

THIS ONE WILL BE FINE! HA-HA! I'VE GOT TO WARN CYNTHIA NEVER TO ENTER MY STUDIO! IF SHE KNEW HOW I "SCULPTED" MY STATUES...I'D BE FINISHED!



PERHAPS IT WAS LEONARD'S GREED WHICH CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL...

LEONARD, AREN'T YOU GOING TO ENTER THE CONTEST FOR THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STATUE? THERE'S A \$50,000 PRIZE!

YES, MY DEAR... I'M GOING TO ENTER! I JUST HAVE TO FIND THE RIGHT MODEL!



LEONARD ALREADY HAD PICKED OUT HIS 'MODEL'... AND HE KNEW THAT TO GET HER... IT WOULD MEAN MURDER!

LAURINE MURRAY... TOP MODEL OF THE CITY! YOU'LL MAKE A BEAUTIFUL STATUE, MY DEAR!



HE WAITED UNTIL SHE REACHED A DARK DESOLATE STREET... AND THEN HE STRUCK...



AND TWO MONTHS LATER LEONARD WAS AWARDED FIRST PLACE IN THE CONTEST FOR 'THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STATUE.'

YOU WERE LUCKY TO GET LAURINE MURRAY AS A MODEL BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED. MR. CAINE! NOBODY CAN FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER!

IT'S A MARVELOUS RESEMBLANCE! LOOKS JUST LIKE HER!



IT WAS A SHORT TIME LATER THAT NIGHTMARES BEGAN TO PLAGUE THE SCULPTOR...

YOU'RE AN EVIL, CRUEL MAN, LEONARD CAINE... AND YOU SHALL SUFFER FOR YOUR SINS!

WHITE MAN KILL KAJAL... WHITE MAN PAY FOR IT!

NO! NO! LEAVE ME ALONE... STOP TORTURING ME!



W-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? W-WHY DO THESE DREAMS HAUNT ME EVERY NIGHT? THEY'RE DRIVING ME C-CRAZY!



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE 'NIGHTMARE' OCCURRED DURING THE DAY AS WELL AS AT NIGHT...

M-MAYBE IF I PRACTICE I COULD DO MY OWN SCULPTURE AGAIN! I COULD STOP USING THE LIQUID AND...



NO MURDERER...
YOU CAN NEVER VIN-
DICATION YOURSELF!

YOU'RE
DOOMED...
DOOMED!



WHEN SHE SAW LEONARD STRETCHED OUT ON
THE FLOOR, CYNTHIA QUICKLY GOT HIM A GLASS
OF WATER FROM A BOTTLE ON HIS DESK...

HERE, DARLING...
DRINK THIS. YOU'LL
FEEL BETTER.

I--I MUST
HAVE
FAINTED!



LEONARD ATTEMPTS TO STRUGGLE TO HIS
FEET...BUT ALREADY IT IS TOO LATE! HE
KNOWS WHAT WAS IN THAT BOTTLE... THE
SECRET FORMULA OF THE KUMA
NATIVES!



STOP IT! GO
AWAY...UGH!

RUN, WHITE MAN...
BUT YOU WON'T ES-
CAPE OUR JUSTICE!



AND AT THE SAME INSTANT, OUTSIDE THE STUDIO...

STOP IT! GO AWAY...
UGHHH!

LEONARD!
IT'S LEONARD'S
VOICE! W-WHAT'S
WRONG?

CRASHHH!



FOR AN INSTANT CYNTHIA HESITATED...LEONARD
HAD WARNED HER NEVER TO ENTER THE STUDIO...

I DON'T CARE WHAT HE
SAID...THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
I'M GOING IN!



BUT SUDDENLY LEONARD'S EYES WIDENED IN
HORROR!

W-WHERE
DID YOU GET THAT
WATER FROM...WHERE,
WHERE?

DARLING, DON'T GET SO EX-
CITED...I GOT IT FROM THE
BOTTLE ON YOUR DESK!



THIS
IS
LEONARD'S
PUNISH-
MENT...
THIS
IS
HIS
FINAL
STATUE!



END

Meet The Man...
Who Can
Tell You
How To Lick

PIMPLES

ACNE AND ALL OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED
SKIN BLEMISHES And Make Them

DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT

Here is Mr. John A. Rubine, Ph.G. — a well-known pharmacist who has spent almost 20 years trying to solve one of the most vexing problems of youth — and adults too — unsightly, acne pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin conditions.

They are indeed a serious problem, for nothing can do more to ruin your chances of success and popularity than a face made ugly with pimples and blackheads. And, if neglected, acne pimples may leave permanent scars and pits.

Mr. Rubine, after much experimenting and research in cooperation with doctors and chemists, found what he was seeking — a formula that would lick acne pimples and other externally caused skin blemishes. He succeeded beyond his fondest expectations and he was so proud of his treatment that he gave it his own name — RUBIN-EX.

DOUBLE ACTION! DOUBLE QUICK RESULTS!

The sensational Rubin-Ex treatment works two ways:

A. Makes acne pimples and all other skin blemishes INSTANTLY DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT.

B. Its medication cleans up pimples, blackheads.

When thousands of tiny oil glands discharge more oil than your skin can absorb, the excess oil picks up and holds tiny particles of dust, dirt, grime, grit, bacteria. This foreign matter soon clogs up and enlarges your pores, form blackheads, cause infection and soon you have a fine crop of ugly, red acne pimples.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #1 is a special cleansing agent that really gets down in the skin pores and thoroughly cleans them out as no soap can. It also removes excess oil thus correcting excessive oiliness in your skin, one of the principal causes of pimples and blackheads.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #2 is great news. When applied to your face it makes pimples and other unsightly blemishes disappear from sight instantly.

And while it is hiding your ugly blemishes from critical eyes, its medication is actually at work to clean them up. It contains an ingredient that relieves the fiery itching, another to soothe and heal the irritation, and still a third which gently and harmlessly flakes off the dead, hard outer skin, leaving your face and complexion much smoother and clearer. You can use Rubin-Ex day and night, for it is neutral when applied and does not interfere with make-up. Makes an excellent powder base.

MR. JOHN A. RUBINE PH.G.

SKINTEX CORP.

69-47 218 St., Dept. MRA 2 Bayside, L. I., N. Y.



instantly!



HE BLESSES RUBIN-EX! No one can realize the humiliation — almost disgrace — of a face marred by pimples and blackheads. I had them so bad that I felt no one wanted to look at me. Today my pimples are gone — and I bless Rubin-Ex — that did it. — Mr. Bob L.R., Long Island.



LUCKY DAY FOR HER! For years I was embarrassed and ashamed of my pimply face and blotchy complexion. It was a lucky day for me when I was told about Rubin-Ex. My pimples disappeared from sight instantly and my complexion improved 100%. — Miss Jane G.L., Bronx.

HOW YOU MAY TRY RUBIN-EX AT OUR RISK

Mr. Rubine is so sure that his treatment will improve your skin and complexion in just 10 days that he is making this No Risk Offer. He says, "Use Rubin-Ex for 10 days. If you do not notice a marked improvement in your skin and complexion,

if you are not entirely pleased and happy with results, your money will be refunded at once." So start now for a clearer, lovelier skin and complexion, the magic way to popularity and success. Order Rubin-Ex today. MAIL COUPON NOW.

MR. JOHN A. RUBINE PH.G.

SKINTEX CORP., 69-47 218 St., Dept. MRA 2 Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Mr. Rubine: Please rush me in plain wrapper complete Rubin-Ex treatment. (Formula #1 and #2). It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied with the improvement in my complexion in just 10 days you will return my money. ☐ Find enclosed \$2. Cash, Check or Money Order. You are to pay all postal charges.

Name _____ CHECK ☐ MALE FEMALE ☐

Address _____ CHECK ☐ FAIR COMPLEXION ☐ DARK

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

A.P.O.—F.P.O. Canada or Foreign Countries—Add 30c—No C.O.D.